

A PAGE OF FUN

THEY KEEP RIGHT ON.



A SYNDICATE.

Mr. Summerman—"Is it true that since coming up here you've engaged yourself to Billy, Harry, Ed and George, as well as to myself?"
 Mrs. Summerman—"What if it is?"
 Mr. Summerman—"Then I'd like to know if you have any objection to all of us chipping in to buy the engagement ring?"

WE shall be hearing about the 'Sweet Girl Graduates' pretty soon now, I suppose?" queries the old hunker of the man with the newspaper.
 "Oh, yes."
 "Always 'Sweet Girls'?"
 "Always dress in white?"
 "Invariably."
 "Always graduate with the highest honors?"

"They do."
 "And are spoken of in the papers next day as geniuses?"
 "That is the rule, I believe."
 "And can any one of them make bread?"
 "Oh, no."
 "Make a pudding?"
 "No."
 "Mix up pancakes?"
 "No."

"But they keep right on graduating?"
 "They do."
 "And then getting married?"
 "Yes, I think so."
 "And they make such helpmates that their husbands soon get rich?"
 "That is the way of it. Have you any fault to find?"
 "Bless you, no! Hurrah for the 'Sweet Girl' graduates!"
 JOE KERR.



HOW IT HAPPENED.

His Ma—Have you been in swimming, Jimmy?
 Jimmy—No, mother. I took off my clothes to take a sun bath and one of the fellows pushed me into the water.

Good Any Old Time.

ONCE upon a time a Tramp, who had cheerfully agreed to saw three sticks of wood once in two in consideration of a bountiful Dinner, had scarcely buried the saw in the wood before he paused to complain to the owner of the premises:
 "Alas, I trusted to your integrity and did not stop to inspect the saw, which surely has not been sharpened for many years. Thus have I been made the victim of Deceit."
 "Not so, my friend," replied the other. "Had the saw been in better order you would have had to saw me six sticks instead of three."

MORAL:

Everything is all O. K. and right end up, if we only knew it. In this case the tramp broke the saw, the farmer broke the tramp and the dog got the dinner.

DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT.
 Some folks think Andrew Carnegie an easy mark, I guess;
 At least, a lot of them inquire;
 The canny Scot's address.



A NEW SCHEME.

Hubby—Jinks could make money with those hens of his.
 Wifey—How?
 Hubby—From the way they uprooted Bronson's garden I think they could dig the Panama Canal.



SHE KNOWS.

Mr. Towne—Look at the Bronsons, the Woodsons and the Tootsons all arguing in Dobb's back yard. I wonder what the trouble is?
 Mrs. Towne—Probably deciding which family is entitled to first whack at the lawn mower.

DIPPY DOPE.



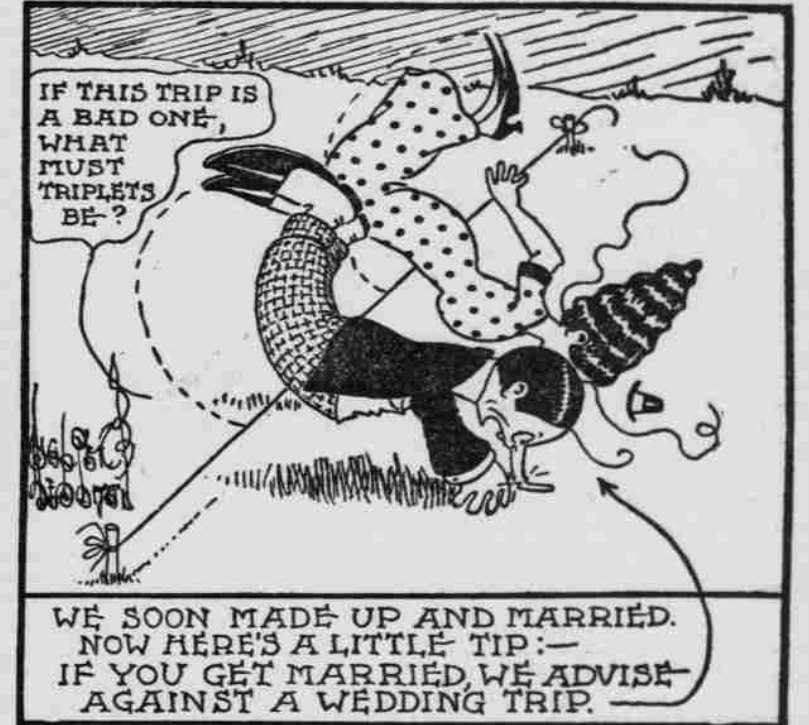
THEY HAD A FALLING OUT.
 LET'S WHISPER SOFT WORDS TO EACH OTHER AND LAND SOFTLY ON THEM.
 I'VE GOT THE SWEETEST GIRLIE THAT YOU COULD HOPE TO SEE. WE FELL IN LOVE, AS PER ABOVE THIS LITTLE GIRL AND ME.



AIN'T LOVE LOVELY, LOVELY?
 SO WHEN I ASKED HER FOR HER HAND, SHE HANDED IT TO ME. SHE SAID "MY HEART GOES WITH IT." WE WERE HAPPY AS COULD BE.



IT CAN NEVER BE TAKE BACK YOUR HAND ALSO YOUR HEART, I ORDERED.
 BUT SOON A QUARREL STARTED, JUST AS QUARRELS ALWAYS DO. I SPOKE A FEW REAL STINGING WORDS THAT STUNG HER THROUGH AND THROUGH.



IF THIS TRIP IS A BAD ONE, WHAT MUST TRIPLETS BE?
 WE SOON MADE UP AND MARRIED. NOW HERE'S A LITTLE TIP: IF YOU GET MARRIED, WE ADVISE AGAINST A WEDDING TRIP.

CHARGED TO SCENERY.

THE farmer who had dropped into the hardware store to make a purchase found a salesman there who had been a summer boarder at his house the year previous, and after they had shaken hands the young man asked:
 "Shall you advance rates this summer?"
 "Sure, my boy. You know how the price of things has gone up."
 "How much advance will you make?"
 "A dollar a week. I have got it all figured out here. There will be twenty cents extra on the fresh eggs,"

"But you didn't have an egg of any sort on the table last summer."
 "Fifteen cents extra on fresh milk."
 "But you gave us skimmed milk."
 "Twenty on fresh butter."
 "But you bought your butter in town."
 "And there is the golden cream for coffee."
 "But we saw nothing but condensed milk."
 "And chickens killed right on the spot."
 "I don't know what you did with 'em, as you fed us on veal."
 "And hired help has gone up," said

the farmer.
 "But you and your wife did all the work."
 "Um! As I said, I will have to charge a dollar a week more."
 "Then it must be for the scenery."
 "Well, yes it is."
 "Changed, has it?"
 "Sure. Two weeks ago lightning struck that old dead oak behind the barn and knocked thunder out of it and improved the scenery just twenty per cent!"
 JOE KERR.

ITS ADVANTAGES.

The barefoot boy who'd lost a leg Cried out in his delight;
 "Gee whiz! I'm glad a wooden peg Won't need be washed each night."



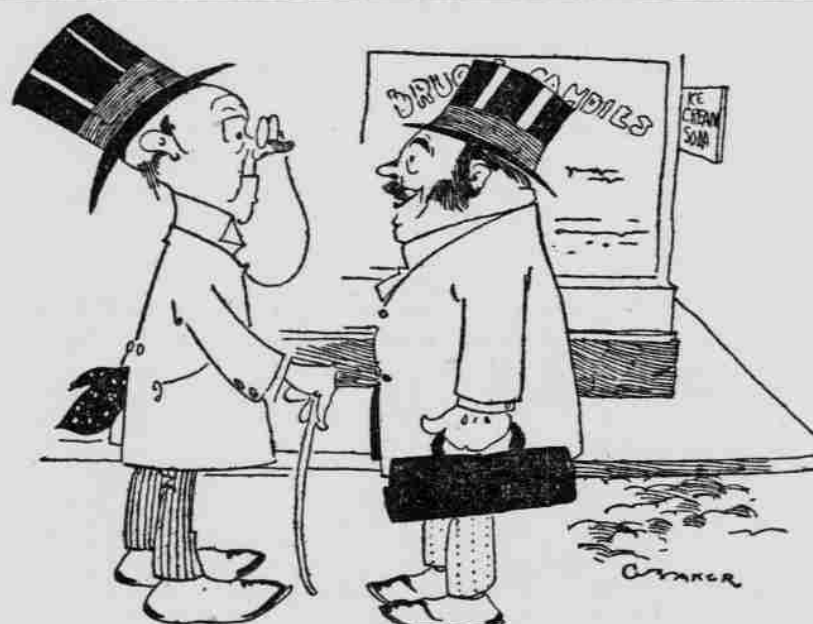
WIFELY SARCASM.

Hubby—I hear they are wearing nothing but old clothes at the Punk De Villa Mountain House. That's the place for you to go, my dear.
 Wifey—Yes, I can take seven trunks of old clothes. If old clothes are the racket, I can make a splurge.



ECONOMY.

"Your husband goes to every baseball game."
 "Yes, Henry is economizing. When the home team loses he's too disappointed to eat any dinner, and when it wins he's too enthusiastic."

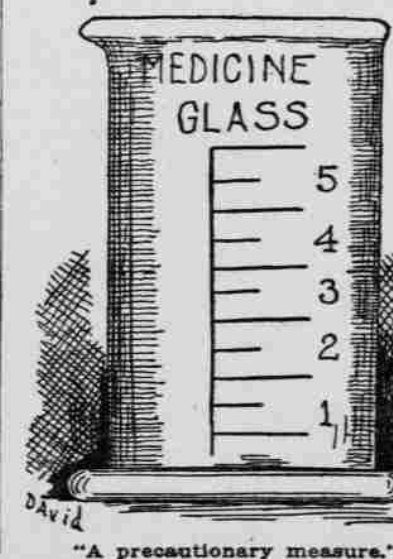


TECHNICALLY INCORRECT.
 The Doctor—He's what you might call a walking lamp of knowledge.
 The Professor—Not exactly; he's a roamin' candle.

Found At Last.

I WENT down to Texas three years ago to find a man named Griggs," said an Eastern land speculator in the smoking car. "He owned a tract of land I wanted to buy. He wasn't home and I followed his trail for a week. At Lone Pine they told me he was at Cedar Valley, and it being high noon I went to the hotel for dinner. I had about finished when the landlord came in and said: "I believe you were asking about Jim Griggs?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Well, he's here in town."
 "I'm glad of that."
 "But he's not in shape to do business today."
 "Drunk?"
 "I shouldn't call it that."
 "Sick?"
 "Noap. You see he came down here to bluff the town. He'd always said he could do it."
 "And—and—"
 "And if you want to know how he came out go down the street three blocks."
 "I walked down and found him hanging to a lamp-post, and the only man who had anything to say about it was a bartender, who shook his

head in a pitying way and remarked: "Jim must have been off his nut for sure to climb up there and do that to himself!"
 JOE KERR.



"A precautionary measure."

Why It Was Slow.

THE man with the black pearl pin in his tie was telling us about being in Washington and what he saw there, when the old man with the top-shoulder leaned forward and asked:
 "I 'spose you saw the monument while there?"
 "Oh, of course."
 "And made a trip to the top in the elevator?"
 "Yes."
 "Did you ever see an elevator ascend more slowly?"
 "Never in my life. We were two hours and a half getting to the top."
 "Oh, you must be mistaken about that, sir. It's surely a slow elevator, but I believe it makes the trip in 15 minutes."
 "But I figured it at full two hours and a half."
 "You must have been impatient to reach the top."
 "Well, I guess it was that way. There was only one other person in the cage, and that was my divorced wife, and I guess we were both in a

hurry to separate again!"
 JOE KERR.



A HARD CAMPAIGN.

Hobo—Will you please help an old survivor, mum?
 Lady—An old survivor of what?
 Hobo—Of the winter of 1913, mum.



MAKING IT LEGAL.

First Cowboy—We didn't know what to do about Big Bill. He was a real good fellow in a way, but he would be careless about shootin' up the populace.
 Second Cowboy—Did you straighten out the matter?
 First Cowboy—To some extent. We elected him sheriff, thereby makin' it look a little more legal.